AN ISLAND PEARL.

BY B.L. FARJEON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

No sooner had he spoken the words than every man among us began feeling in his pockets. For what? you ask. For what you can buy at a farthing a hundred, and yet a farthing's worth of which was more precious to us than all the gold in all the Australias—for a box of lucifer matches. What we searched for we did not find. Not a man among us had a match. Truly we had thought that our cup of unhappiness was full, but here was another bitter drop added, proving that there were depths of misery we had not yet reached. Cold as our hearts were before, they were colder now. We were frightened to look one another in the face; and I speak the honest truth when I say that at that moment I would have given five of my fingers for five wooden matches, and would have chopped them off myself without a murmur; and so, I do not doubt, would every man who stood shivering on those black rocks that dismal, dreadful night. If ever the Devil missed a chance of making a good bargain, he missed it then.

"The best thing we can do now, mates," said one, Tom Wren by name, a reckless man, whose curse was drink, "is to lay down and die."

We did not answer him, but stood around each other with despairing souls; and one or two looked up to the sky, as though hoping that sparks of fire would drop from the clouds into our hands. And one of the men began to wander in his mind, and commenced to sing in a hoarse voice about the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to watch o'er the life of poor Jack." Well, well, that sweet little cherub did not desert poor Jack, after all, for suddenly a sailor gave a scream of joy, and cried out that he had found a match in his pocket. Only one—but our lives hung on that little bit of wood. He was about to take it from his pocket, when violent hands were laid upon him.

"Keep it from the damp, for God's sake!" we cried. "If it gets wet, we're lost men."

An island filled with jewels could not have bought that match from us.

We sat about collecting dry wood, and tearing it into thin shreds, and after selecting a sheltered spot, our best skill was used in building up the pile which we hoped soon to see blazing. There was an anxious discussion as to who should strike the match, and it was proposed that I should do it; but my nerves were so much shaken that I did not dare. One volunteered, and to him it was entrusted. We stood around him in a close circle, to prevent the wind from getting to him, and many a silent prayer went up for the success of the task he had undertaken. It was a solemn moment, that, let me tell you, and would have tried the nerves of the bravest man. He was successful, and we watched with thankful hearts the jets of flame playing among the thin strips of bark. We stooped over it and drew warmth to our bodies; and one man who, while the match was being lighted, had stood as if he were petrified, danced about the fire like an imp of the devil.

"Mr. Fairley is going mad, I do believe," said a sailor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE name coming to my ears brought with it a dim remembrance. Fairley! Where had I heard that name, and in what way was it associated with me? In my then state of agitation I could not bring the threads together; and although, half carelessly, half curiously, I turned my eyes toward the man who was dancing about the fire, I could not because of the fitful light and shade recognize his features. All that I could distinguish was that he was a small-made man, with a great deal of hair about his face.

We were almost starving, and our next need was food. We ate sparingly, with some thought of the morrow, and after supper we talked in low, sad tones of those who had set sail with us full of life and strength and hope, and who were now lying five-and-twenty fathom deep at the bottom of the cruel sea. Each told of what he had seen of So-and-so and So-and-so, who were lost, and we were none of us ashamed of our tears. It was a melancholy record. My own experiences on that awful night, as I lay helpless beneath the mast, were listened to with deep interest and sympathy; and one said that he had seen a spar such as I described floating toward the mouth of the cave, but that he had lost sight of it almost immediately.

"That's the spar the poor fellow spoke of who was lying by my side," I said, "and the little girl on it was named Pearl. She and my boy were companions. God rest her soul!"

In relating my experiences to them, I said nothing of my previous history. It contained griefs too sacred for strangers' ears.

There was a good deal to do before we slept. Of the hundred and sixteen souls who set sail in The Rising Sun, only twelve were saved. There being no ship's officer among those who were rescued, I was solicited to take the command. It had become known that I had commanded a vessel, and the position was offered to me as being mine by right. I accepted it for all our sakes, believing that I should be able to fulfill its duties in a proper manner. But I told them that I could do nothing that night, with the exception of taking down their names.

"My heart is too full, my lads," I said, with a great effort to keep my voice steady, "to think of anything else tonight. The saddest task of all is before me. My little boy is to be buried."

I then, taking from my pocket a small memorandam book which I had by me, desired them to step forward, one by one, and give me their names, and what they were.

"I will place my name first," I said; and I did so, they calling out their names in the order here set down:

Amos Beecroft.
James Bowden.
Benjamin Starley.
Fred Cliveley.
Tom Wren.
Alfred Mixture.
James Lovegood.
Ralph Fortyman.
Richard Tippler.
Patrick Bloom.
Robert Smith.

It did not speak well for the crew of The Rising Sun that these men were all sailors; but they attempted to justify themselves afterward by saying that life was sweet.

"One man has not answered," I said. "There are twelve of us. Here are but eleven names."

A sailor answered that Mr. Fairley, the saloon passenger, had gone away immediately I commenced to write the names. We had no time then to look after him, and I did not attach much importance to his leaving us.

I selected a spot where my poor little Bob was to be buried, and two of the sailors dug a grave while I prepared the body. There is no need to speak of my grief while thus employed; you will understand it without any words of mine. The men coming back to say the grave was ready, I took my dead boy in my arms, and we walked slowly over the uneven ground. The night being dark, my comrades had cut branches from a resinous tree, and carried them lighted in their hands to show the way. Not a word was spoken in that solemn march until we reached the grave. The shadows brought out by the lighted branches seemed as though they had life in them, and more than once I fancied I saw moving creatures darting from rock to rock, and as suddenly disappearing. We had no prayer book among us, but I said as much as I knew of the burial service, first over my little Bob, and then for Pearl, of whom, as my boy's friend and companion, I thought with tender interest. After which, at the request of the men, I repeated the service for all who had been lost in the wild waters. These sad duties being performed, my comrades, with a tender consideration, softly withdrew and left me to myself. I knelt by my boy's grave, and spent a few minutes in mental prayer. It was not such praying as could properly be set down in words, nor, if it were possible to do so in a coherent manner, was it such as would speak well for a man's humility, or gratefulness of spirit for escape from a dreadful peril; it was, in truth, a bewailing for the great misfortune of my life, out of which, indeed, the light now appeared to have forever departed. I had no hope that I should ever again see the face of any whom I loved. Who, indeed, were left to me, supposing that by some wild chance we were rescued from our perilous position? No one but my old mother, who, for aught I knew, might be dead and in her grave, as I should soon be in mine.

Sadly I walked back to the fire, which was blazing merrily away; and before the men lay down to sleep I organized a fire watch, so that throughout as many days and nights as we might live there should always be two men to guard and feed the fire. We drew lots, and I was in the second watch. That matter being arranged, the men stretched themselves upon the ground, and every one but myself and the two who formed the first fire watch was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAS tired enough to sleep, but sleep would not come to me; and rather than toss about, I rose and walked away from the fire and the sleepers to the shore. The tide was coming in, and the weather had cleared; but it was still dark, and there was no light on the waters. I knew, however, that in an hour or so the moon would rise, and I thought that I would wait for it—for what particular reason I can not say; but it came into my head, and the good Lord put it there, perhaps.

Being by myself alone, the fancy came upon me that I was the only man left in the world. I could not hear a sound but the soft lapping of the waves as they rolled inshore, as they had rolled on this self-same spot thousands and thousands of years ago, and as they would roll for thousands and thousands more, till they rolled into eternity. We get thoughts now and again that we can not plumb, and can not take the measure of. If I were to set down the notions that came into my head as I walked up and down that solemn shore, you would hardly believe that I was not drawing on my imagination. I thought that the world was dead; that light was gone out of it for ever and ever; that it would be always night, world without end; and that sun, moon and stars would never shine again. I stopped and listened to the waves till, to my fevered fancy, they spoke a language that I could understand; and as I stood still to listen to the unspoken words, which made me shudder, so awful were the suggestions they conveyed, that fear came upon me that if I did not move, and move quickly, I should be turned into stone, with ears to hear and eyes to see, but with all power of motion gone forever. Then, as I forced myself to pace the shore, the waves again whispered to me, asking me to join them, and so put an end to everything; but I flung away the temptation and cried, "Never, never, never!" and trembled at the sound of my own voice, as if it were some strange monster that was speaking and not myself. And then came other fancies. Shadows formed themselves into the semblance of places I was familiar with, into the shapes of men and women I had known. I saw them so plainly that at first I believed them to be real. There rose the little cottage at Brixton, with "Beecroft, Mariner," over the window, and my mother standing at the door looking down the street for me. That picture faded and melted into another: I and the child Mabel were together, I holding a shell to her ear, and she gazing in pleasant wonder into my shadowy face; then came that villain Druce, and with him a dark mist of blood before my eyes, which blotted out the pictures and put an end to them. I shook myself roughly and turned aside to meet other fancies. About a hundred yards to the left was a high sandrock, and as I turned toward it, I saw three old women, for all the world like witches, with pointed chins, and with crooked saplings in their hands. They were pointing with their long, bony fingers at something that lay at their feet. I had once seen three witches in a play, dancing round a caldron, and these were like them. I waited for the fire to spurt up from the ground, and for themselves to commence to dance; but they stood quite still and motionless, bending toward each other so that their chins almost touched. I made a few steps forward—slowly and cautiously, for I did not know what kind of creatures might be living on these wild shores, and I own to being scared—and I discovered that the three old witches were three bits of scrubby twigs sticking up out of the sand-rock. But on the other side of the rock I saw what startled me in real earnest, and well nigh took my senses away. A faint light in the sky, far away over the waters, denoted that it would not be long before the moon would rise. Among the low rocks which I was overlooking, and against which the waves broke in white foam, now covering them entirely, now leaving them half bare, millions of great serpents were fighting and curling their ugly bodies together, engaged in the deadly purpose of strangling the life out of each other. Every wave that rolled inshore brought their long brown bodies—so long, that there was no saying where they began and where they ended—near to the shore, where they madly bit and fought and struggled; and every wave that went out sucked them from my sight, but the seething, hissing water plainly proclaimed that the desperate fight was continued beneath the waves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PALMISTRY.

Young Woman Saved from a Bigamist by It.

Marvelous things are claimed of palmistry, not only by those who practice it as a profession but by many who have seen the prophecies of palmists come true in actual life, says the New York Herald. Telling the past by the lines of the hands is, however, almost a new art. There is a man in town who believes he can do it, at least so far as marriages are concerned. Still further, he claims that the lines of the hand show whether a marriage in the past ended in divorce and which party it was that obtained the divorce. "It is also possible," he said the other day, "to find in the palms the records of the number of one's marriages, a hint of the experiences of courtship and whether married life proved smooth or otherwise. I saved one young woman from a bigamist once. He was engaged to her and they came together to me. 'You are married already,' I said after looking at his palm. He only laughed but the young woman investigated and found it was true. On another occasion I saw in the hand of a hotelkeeper the record of two marriages—one at 24 years and the other at 50. When I told him he was simply amazed. 'I was married once at 24,' he said, 'and again at 48.' The hands are the records of the body. It is amazing what is written there."

Thankful.

"One week's work!"—The plumber paused in his examination of the pipe in the bathroom and fell on his knees with a cry of joy.

"And now I see my way clear."—He joyfully recalled the fact that he was in the home of a millionaire.—"To Europe."

Needs Explanation.

Celeste (offering box of confections)—The paper manufacturer sent these. Poor fellow, he has failed. Gertie—Why, didn't he make good paper? Celeste—Yes, he made good enough paper—but his paper was no good.—New York Herald.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

A MAN KILLS HIS FAMILY AND THEN HIMSELF.

His Young Brother-in-Law the First Victim, Mother-in-Law Next, Then His Wife and Step-Daughter—Blew His Own Head Off.

A TERRIBLE tragedy resulting in the death of five members of one family was enacted near Richmond, Mo., a few nights ago. B. Rainwater, a farmer, shot and killed his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. William Artman; his brother-in-law, James Thurman, and his little stepdaughter, Ethel Gentry. Then, after so nearly exterminating a whole family, the murderer blew off the top of his own head, dying instantly. The tragedy occurred before midnight at the home of Mr. William Artman, Sr., father-in-law of the murderer. The two families lived a quarter of a miles apart, on the bank of the Missouri river, three miles south of Orrick. Mrs. Artman was taken sick and sent for her daughter to come and stay with her. Ethel Gentry, Mrs. Rainwater's little daughter by a former husband, went with her mother. Saturday evening Rainwater, who had been alone at home for several days, went over to the Artman house to spend the night.

During the evening he went to church with his young brother-in-law, Johnnie Artman, and upon their return he appeared in good humor. At bedtime Rainwater proposed to young Artman that they go outside and shoot some dogs that were barking. Art-

FARMER RAINWATER.

man consenting, they took a shotgun and a revolver and went out. They had gone but fifty yards from the house when Rainwater, who was walking behind the boy, leveled his shotgun and shot young Artman in the back. Leaving the boy for dead Rainwater returned to the house, where all the other members of the family were by this time in bed. In one big room Mr. and Mrs. Artman, Mrs. Rainwater and her daughter, Fanny Gentry, and a 10-year-old daughter of Artman's were in bed. Entering the room and leveling his gun at the aged Mrs. Artman, Rainwater shouted: "Damn you, I've got you all now." Mrs. Artman threw up her hand as he fired. The charge tore off her fingers and carried away one side of her head. She was instantly killed. Turning around, he literally blew his wife's head off with the other charge in the gun.

Then drawing a revolver, the murderer fired two bullets into the body of Fannie Gentry, one passing through her lungs and the other entering the brain. She, too, died instantly. For some unknown reason Rainwater spared the aged Mr. Artman and the young Artman girl. The murderer then deliberately reloaded both barrels of the shotgun and went out into the yard. There he encountered Johnnie Artman, whom he had left for dead. The boy had crawled almost to the door. Rainwater killed him with another charge of buckshot, which tore off a part of the boy's head. The murderer completed his most terrible crime by leaning upon a fence and with the charge of buckshot remaining in the gun blew off the top of his own head. The tragedy was not known until next morning, when the aged Mr. Artman and his little daughter, who were almost beside themselves with grief and fright, called in some neighbors who were passing by.

Rainwater was jealous of his wife, and had frequently quarreled with her, but there had been nothing in his conduct to warn his family of his murderous intentions.

LIVING MUMMY IN PARIS.

Physicians of Academy of Medicine Examine an Extraordinary Creature.

The Academy of Medicine in Paris is just now studying one of the most extraordinary human beings who have ever been born into this world, says the New York Herald. He is known as the man mummy, and one glance at his ghastly face and body shows that he deserves the title. This phenomenal being is name Castagna, and, according to the civil register of Paris, he is now 28 years old. He is about four feet high and weighs only forty-three pounds. Even with his clothes on he is a most singular looking object—a veritable lusus naturae. His forehead is large, and over it is stretched a thick covering of parchment-like skin. His eyes, the muscles of which are atrophied, are quite round and are wide open, like the eyes of night birds. His nose, too, reminds one of such birds, for not only is it entirely without flesh, but it is also curved in the form of a beak, drooping in this fashion over a mouth in which the teeth can always be seen, set together as though in a grimace. Altogether the head and face are so uncanny and so horrible that it is impossible to set down anything like a vivid description of them on paper. His arms and legs are inconceivably thin and slender. Bones and nerves are pressed close against each other and the tight skin holds them together as though it were a sheath of India rubber. The whole body is indeed a miracle of frailness and meagerness, and the wonder is that a good puff of wind does not blow it away.

FALLING STAR IN NEW YORK.

A Young Abenaki Indian Widow Whose Face Is Her Fortune.

Falling Star is an Abenaki Indian who lives in Sixth avenue, New York city, though she really doesn't care for the locality. The fact is, the current of Falling Star's life has changed so suddenly and so completely that she hasn't grown accustomed to it yet. It all happened about a month ago when she went to Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, the friend and helper of all the Indians in that part of the country. While Falling Star told her tale of woe, Mrs. Converse examined the face, which had at once struck her by its pure Indian character. The woman wanted to leave some baskets for security for her fare to Luzerne, where she has an invalid mother. She was considerably surprised when Mr. Converse paid no attention to the baskets, but asked her to take off her hat. The request was for her to let down her hair. Still wondering, she complied. "Did you know that you have a fortune in your face?" asked Mrs. Converse, who knows where an Indian woman would begin to calculate a fortune. Falling Star put her hand up to her face in a bewildered way. She understood less than ever. She felt queer. Then her new friend explained to her; told her that she, just poor, forlorn Falling Star, was a fine type of her race; that great artists would make pictures of her and pay her for merely sitting still by the hour. Falling Star appreciated the kindness of this sanguine person, but secretly she had her doubts, and they were very grave. Nevertheless, she consented to place herself in the hands of her would-be fairy godmother. And now she is making lots of money, posing for artists, modelers and students. The Abenaki Indian woman was surprised enough that the artists should want to make pictures of her. But that was almost nothing to the astonishing fact that some professor wanted to model her for the Natural History museum. When Mrs. Converse approached her with this new proposition, Falling Star concluded that wonders would never cease. She said that she would let these peculiar people model her face, her hands and her feet, but that she wouldn't bare her shoulders for anybody. She poses always in costume. One woman artist who is painting her in a private studio, wanted the shoulders, neck, and arms bare; but Falling Star would not consent. The artist was obliged to compromise on arm and shoulder. When the giddy students chatter about Falling Star's mournful expression they do not know that they touch a sore chord. She isn't sorrowing for her race. She has nearer griefs than that. She has seemed to be pursued by an unkind fate. She was born and brought up in the Indian village of St. Francis, near Montreal. Here she lived twenty years wearing moccasins, weaving baskets, learning the woodlore of her father. He died finally. Her brother was murdered. Her husband died suddenly. Falling Star became the support of the family. Then her only child died. Last spring her sister followed the others. Only the invalid mother remains. She is up at Luzerne, where are buried the sister and Falling Star's little girl. Perhaps the students would understand the sadness which they find so valuable in their new model if they could see the picture of those two graves. They are the one thing on this earth, aside from her mother, which she loves. They are

FALLING STAR.

not like ordinary graves. They are covered in summer with flowers. There is no headstone, but, instead, Falling Star herself built up a pyramid of earth which she covered with growing moss, so that the only monument is this mossy pedestal.

A Whole Town in Terror.

The inhabitants of Springdale, Pa., are very much excited for fear of the town being blown away by an explosion. The other morning a heavily loaded wagon of nitro-glycerine was being hauled through the town when the horses stalled in front of the schoolhouse. Every owner of a horse in town was asked to hire his team to assist in hauling the deadly explosive away, but when they heard what was in the wagon would not hire their horses for love or money. The school has been closed until the wagon is hauled away and the more timid citizens are afraid the town will be blown away before the nitro-glycerine is removed.

The first printing press in America was established at Cambridge, Mass., in 1638.

THE STATE OF KANSAS.

A Horton man who smokes four cigars a day and chews 25 cents worth of tobacco a week says he is too poor to take a newspaper. He is a very smart man, too. By getting hold of a foreign advertising sheet he spent $1 writing to find out how to keep sober; the answer was to take the pledge. He also sent fifty 2-cent stamps to find out how to raise beets, and received a postal card reply: "Take hold of the tops and pull." It was this same person that sent fifty 1-cent stamps to a fellow in the East for twelve useful household articles, and received a paper of needles. He is a relative to a man who sent $5 to find out how to write without pen and ink, and the answer was "Try a lead pencil." He must be a twin brother to the man who sent $2 to find out how to make money without work, and was told in one black line on a postal card to "Fish for suckers like we do."—Horton Commercial.

The law fixing a standard of weights and measures will go into effect about June 1. Kansas heretofore has never had a standard, which has been the cause of much confusion, and the new law will tend to obviate this. The standard in pounds per bushel as fixed by the new act, is given herewith: Wheat, 60; rye, 56; shelled corn, 56; ear corn, 70; rice corn, 56; sorghum seed, 56; buckwheat, 50; barley, 48; oats, 32; bran, 20, cornmeal, 50; beans, 60; clover seed, 60; millet seed, 50; Irish potatoes, 60; sweet potatoes, 50; turnips, 55; flaxseed, 56; onions, 57; salt, 50; castor beans, 46; bluegrass, 22; timothy, 45; dried peaches, 33; dried apples, 24; green apples, 48; coal, 80; lime, 80; kaffir corn, 56.

Kansas has a fish law, but it is persistently violated. The law is explicit enough and penalties heavy, but people refrain from complaining of its open violation, and officers fail of making arrests. This is the "close season," and no game fish can be legally taken by hook and line, or in any other way, before the first of July. Still, many streams and lakes are lined with fellows who are taking both bass and croppy.

Secretary of State Bush has completed the compilation of the laws passed by the recent legislature and they are now printed and ready to be bound by the state printer. There were 281 bills passed; 280 became laws, and 279 were signed by the governor. Leedy vetoed only one bill—the railroad bill. He failed to sign the Neosho county levy bill, but it became a law, nevertheless.

The new woman in Kansas has many occupations. Mrs. Ida Copeland, a Kansas woman arrested in Kansas City recently, is said to be the only woman chicken thief in the world. She recently went out into the country near Olathe, and made a haul of 100 chickens in one night. She has traveled all over the state, and it is believed that many mysterious cases of wholesale chicken stealing may be traced to her.

Hunnewell is an incorporated city. Up to 1893 it held regular city elections. But when the Cherokee Strip opened nearly if not quite all of its officers became non-residents of the city and finally all of the city offices became vacant. No city election has been held since. The city as a corporation owns some property and has money due on it.

The state board of railroad commissioners has addressed a letter to the railroads stating that the State Jobbers' association complains that the rates which the supreme court decided in the Symns Grocery company's case to be just and fair are not in effect, and that the railroads must put such rates in effect or show cause why they refuse.

The first political convention of any consequence called in Kansas this year will assemble at Lakin on May 21 to nominate a Republican candidate for judge of the Thirty-second district. The district is composed of nine counties and is one of the largest on the western border. The present judge is W. E. Hutchison, a Republican.

John Campbell, living at Elwood, while searching for mushrooms recently, found what he supposed to be two gold bricks, wrapped in cloth, lying under a bank. He refused $1,000 each for them, thinking he could get more, and upon taking them to a jeweler at St. Joe, found they were copper.

Ex-Attorney General F. B. Dawes will go into the law business in Leavenworth.

State Bank Commissioner John W. Breidenthal announces that the case against Colonel Alexander Warner, charged with wrecking the Baxter Springs bank, will be dismissed, Warner having paid all claims against him. The bank had only 10 cents on hand when it failed.

A. D. Hubbard, ex-state president of the A. P. A., is, under arrest on a charge of embezzling funds of the Hamilton Printing company, of which he was receiver. He was short about $8,000. His bondsmen are proceeding against him. Hubbard is in jail at Topeka.

Samantha Margaret Lucinda are the first three names of a Kansas girl who recently married a Montana clergyman. Her father's name was John Baltazer Boggs, which shows that the sins of a father may also be visited upon his daughters.

Thousands of acres of school land in Western Kansas, which were taken off the market two years ago on account of some experiments in irigation, have been placed on sale again by State Superintendent Stryker.

William Harvey Brown, who made a fine collection of animals for the state university during his visit to South Africa, writes that they were all destroyed in the war which has been waging in that country.

About 40,000 head of Mexican cattle are on the ranges in Southern New Mexico awaiting shipment to Kansas and Western ranches. These cattle were driven out of Old Mexico a few months ago.

Pearl Poulton and Bell Orchard were recently married at Florence, and the Bulletin is offering a prize to the reader who will tell which was the bride.

The Leavenworth electric street railway is offered for sale at less than its original cost.

A company has been organized at Herington to dig for gold with a capital of $6,000.